



# FEATURE

COMICS

SM  
★  
6



JUNE  
No.123

The  
**DOLL MAN**  
and the  
**UNDERTAKER**  
battle for a  
**MILLION DOLLAR  
CORPSE!**

10¢



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# NEW! Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS  
DAD...  
THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!



GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!



WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY

Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Here or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00 POSTPAID

**Special Price!** If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pay \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL**

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.  
481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3.00	\$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



ALL GAMES POSTPAID



THE

## DOLL MAN

HOSPITAL  
MORGUE

**S**cientists assure us that the chemical value of a man's body is slightly less than thirty-one dollars! But this corpse was worth a million... in cold cash! Naturally, the **UNDERTAKER**, specialist in things dead, was interested! And so was the **DOLL MAN**, mighty mite of crime-busting, who was curious to know how any man could become  
**A MILLION DOLLAR CORPSE!**



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



"BY MARTHA ROBERTS 'YOU'RE A NEWSPAPER-WOMAN! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?"



BECAUSE I WASN'T SURE I'D MAKE GOOD, DAD!

NOW I'VE GOT MY FIRST BY-LINE, AND I LOVE MY NEW JOB! YOU WANT ME TO BE HAPPY, DON'T YOU?

WHY, I... ER--THAT IS...



OF COURSE I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY! BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME YOU WERE WORKING ON A NEWSPAPER!

I DIDN'T EVEN TELL DARREL-- AND HE'S MY FIANCE!



YOU APPROVE, DON'T YOU?

I'M NOT SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT JOB FOR YOU, MARTHA! YOU ALWAYS WERE PRETTY SQUEAMISH, AND REPORTERS HAVE TO WITNESS A GREAT MANY UNPLEASANT THINGS!



YOU THINK I'M JUST A WEAK WOMAN... THAT I CAN'T DO A MAN'S JOB? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG!

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT AT ALL! I JUST MEANT--UH--ER--



I GIVE UP! YOU KNOW I'D APPROVE OF ANYTHING YOU DO!

GOOD! THEN I'VE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU!





I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MY HAIRDRESSER! PICK ME UP IN THE CAR AFTERWARDS AND DRIVE ME OVER TO SEE THE KHAN'S DIAMOND! I'M COVERING THE DISPLAY AT THE INDIO MUSEUM...

HMM! I CAN SEE THAT BEING A NEWS-PAPERWOMAN ISN'T GOING TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR USUAL ROUTINE!



Meanwhile...

THE COAST IS CLEAR, UNDERTAKER!

GOOD!



YOU'RE ENTIRELY CORRECT! I WOULD NEVER LEAVE IT, IF FATE DIDN'T TEMPT ME! BUT YOU KNOW MY FONDNESS FOR DEAD THINGS!

HOW CAN I FORGET IT?

ALL THE TIME SOME-THING NEW! DEAD CATS AND DOGS! WITHERED FLOWERS! SOMETIMES YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

THIS TIME, MY FRIEND, IT IS A DEAD MAN'S STONE!



AHHH--- NOTHING IN THE WORLD IS SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL AS A GRAVEYARD! THE DEAD ARE SUCH UNOBTRUSIVE COMPANY!

IT MAKES A SWELL HIDEOUT!



TO BE EXACT, IT IS A DIAMOND WORTH ONE MILLION DOLLARS! IT BELONGED TO THE LATE, FABULOUSLY WEALTHY KHAN! SOON IT SHALL BELONG TO ME!

A MILLION BUCKS! GOLLY!



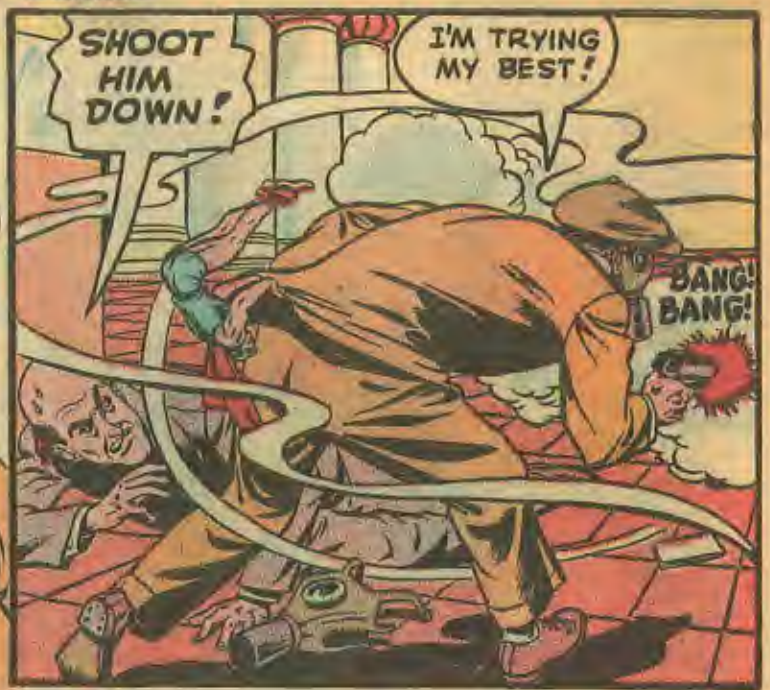
Later, at the Indio Museum....







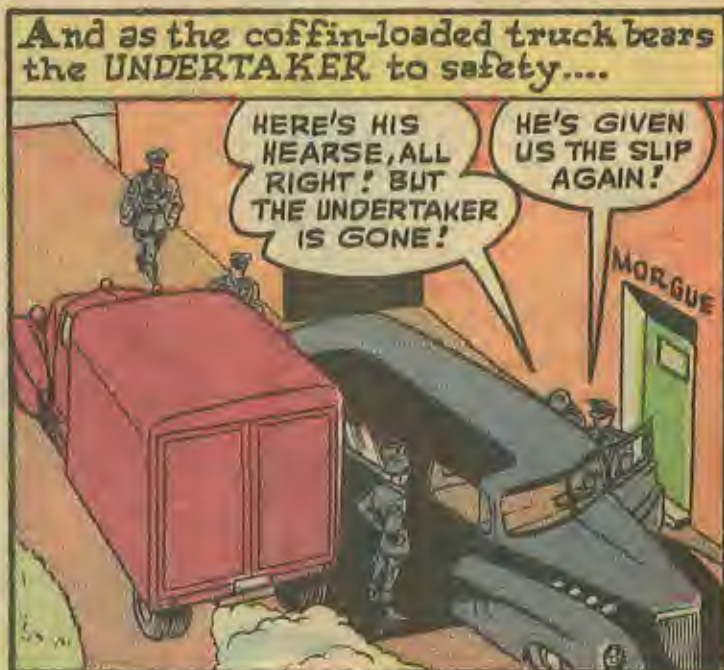
















YOU SAY THIS MYSTERIOUS VISITOR PULLED OUT ALL THE MORGUE SLABS? DO YOU THINK HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT SOMEBODY JIMMIED THE LOCK AND BROKE INTO THE MORGUE, MISS! I DUNNO WHAT HE WAS AFTER!



WE NEVER HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT! WHY, IT WAS JUST YESTIDDY THAT THAT CRIMINAL FELLER, THE UNDERTAKER, ALMOST GOT HISSELF CAUGHT IN THIS VERY DRIVEWAY!



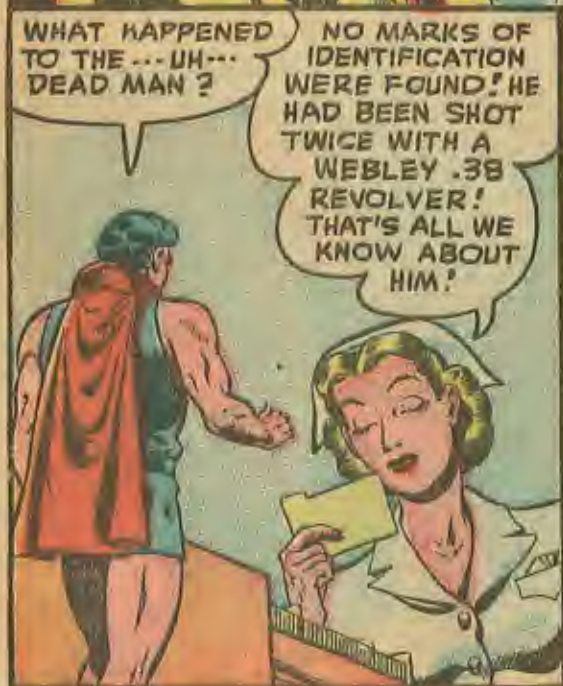
WELL, I CERTAINLY DIDN'T GET MUCH NEWS FROM THE MORGUE ATTENDANT! HE HAS NO IDEA WHO THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WAS WHO BROKE INTO THE MORGUE!

BUT MAYBE I HAVE! ANYWAY, I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S WORTH A LITTLE OF THE DOLL MAN'S TIME...



Later, Darrel Dane becomes the DOLL MAN and returns to the hospital....

WHY, YES, DOLL MAN! THERE WAS AN UNIDENTIFIED BODY FOUND IN THE MORGUE ON THE NIGHT YOU MENTION! AT LEAST, THE AMBULANCE DRIVER DIDN'T RECALL HAVING BROUGHT IT IN!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE...UH... DEAD MAN?

NO MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION WERE FOUND! HE HAD BEEN SHOT TWICE WITH A WEBLEY .38 REVOLVER! THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT HIM!

A WEBLEY .38 IS A POLICE REVOLVER! AND THE POLICE REPORTED BLOODSTAINS IN THE SEAT OF THAT HEARSE THE UNDERTAKER ABANDONED IN THE HOSPITAL DRIVEWAY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER! THE DEAD MAN WAS THE UNDERTAKER'S HENCHMAN! HE WAS LEFT HERE WHEN THE UNDERTAKER ESCAPED...



AND THE UNDERTAKER LEFT THE DIAMOND WITH HIM, OR HE WOULD NEVER HAVE COME BACK TO THE MORGUE!



THE DIAMOND MUST BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES! THAT'S ONE DETAIL THE UNDERTAKER OVERLOOKED! WHEN THE CORPSE WAS FOUND, ALL OF HIS PERSONAL EFFECTS WERE NATURALLY REMOVED...



SO THE DIAMOND MUST STILL BE HIDDEN IN HIS CLOTHES... TOO CLEVERLY FOR THE PROPERTY CLERK TO HAVE SPOTTED IT WHILE LOOKING FOR MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION!



I WAS RIGHT! THIS SUIT HAS SOMETHING STUCK IN THE LINING OF IT'S SLEEVE!



AND HERE IS THE KHAN'S DIAMOND!

A CLEVER PIECE OF DETECTIVE WORK, DOLL MAN!



BUT, YOU SEE, I JUST REMEMBERED MORGUE PROCEDURE ON CLOTHES MYSELF!

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU SO SOON...



BUT YOU'RE WELCOME JUST THE SAME!

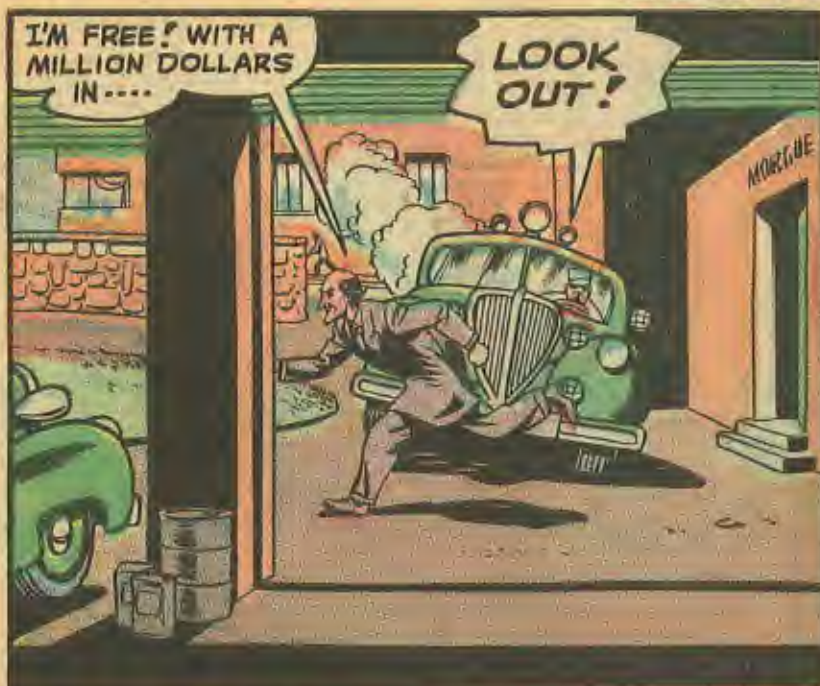
©#\*\*??!\*













# BIG TOP

BUTCH, RUN OVER TO THAT FARM AND GET ME A JUG O'CIDER! I'M BURNIN' UP!

OKAY, BOSS...AS SOON AS I CHANGE!

GET GOING NOW! THEY WON'T MIND YOUR COSTUME!

OKAY! OKAY! OKAY!

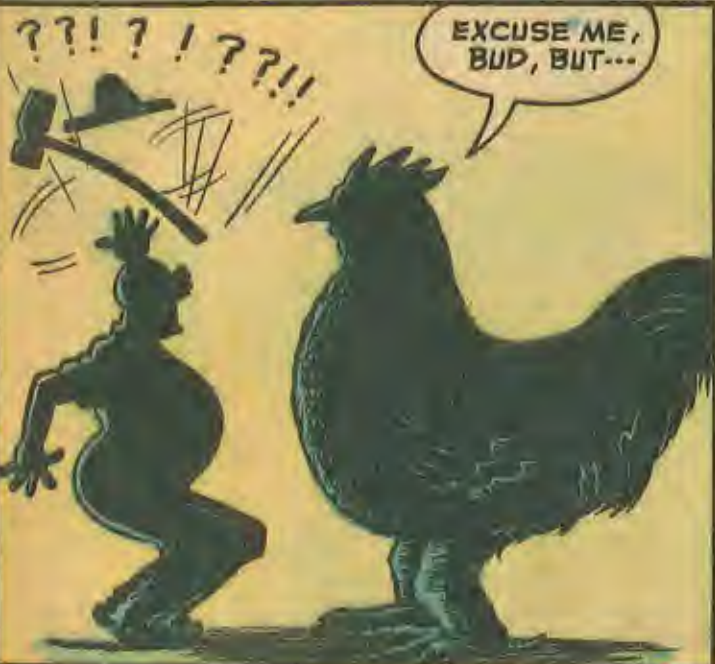
Meanwhile, over at Jones's farm...

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT CIDER BARREL? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GO KILL A PULLET FOR SUPPER?

JUST ABOUT TO, BOSS, JUST ABOUT TO!

A FINE HIRED MAN YOU ARE... THAT PULLET WILL GROW UP TO MAN SIZE BY THE TIME YOU GET TO HIM!

HO-HO! A MAN-SIZED CHICKEN... JEST IMAGINE!



EXCUSE ME, BUD, BUT...



EEYOW! HELLLLLPP!



# BIG TOP

LOOK, BOSS...  
AND I GET 2¢  
FOR EVERY ONE  
HE SELLS!

WELL,  
I'LL BE...

GETCHA BUTCH  
BALLOONS...  
25¢!

WELL, YOU AIN'T A  
RICH BALLOON  
TYCOON YET, SO  
GO FETCH ME MY  
LUNCH FROM THE  
COMMISSARY!

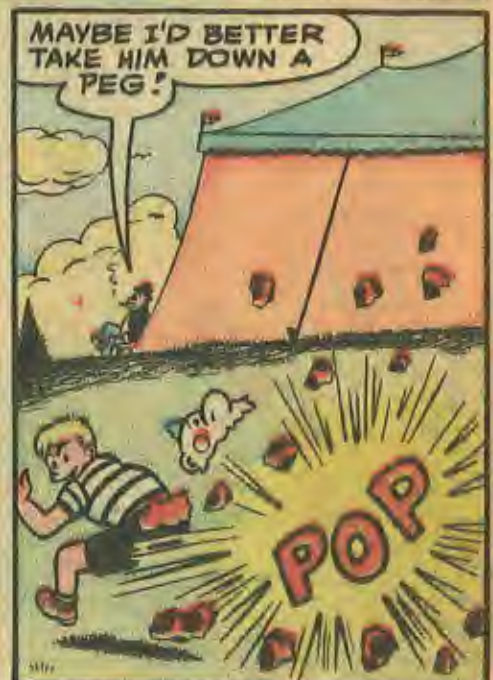
HMPH...  
BUT MAYBE  
I WON'T HAVE  
TO BE YOUR  
ERRAND  
BOY SO  
VERY LONG!



HMPH... THAT FAT BUM  
IS ACTING PRETTY  
UPPITY OVER THIS  
SILLY BALLOON  
BUSINESS!



Meanwhile...



MAYBE I'D BETTER  
TAKE HIM DOWN A  
PEG!



YOUR LUNCH, BOSS!  
WELL, DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE!  
GIVE IT TO  
ME!

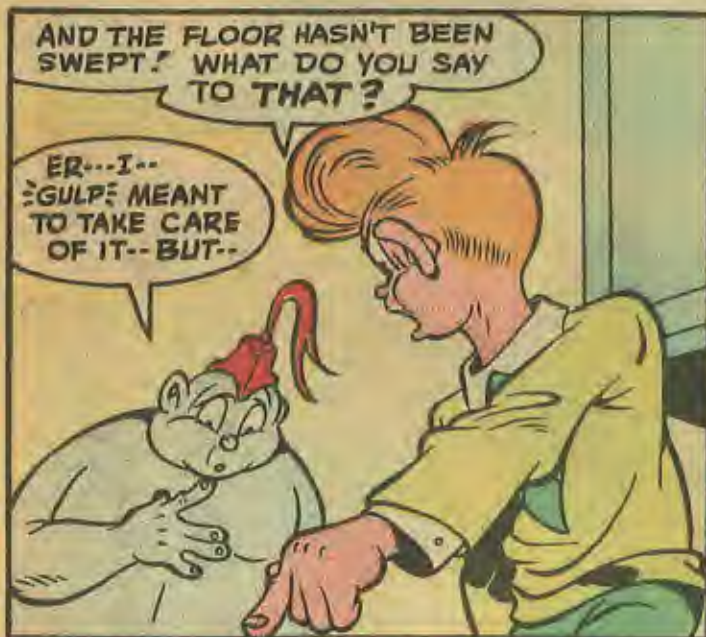
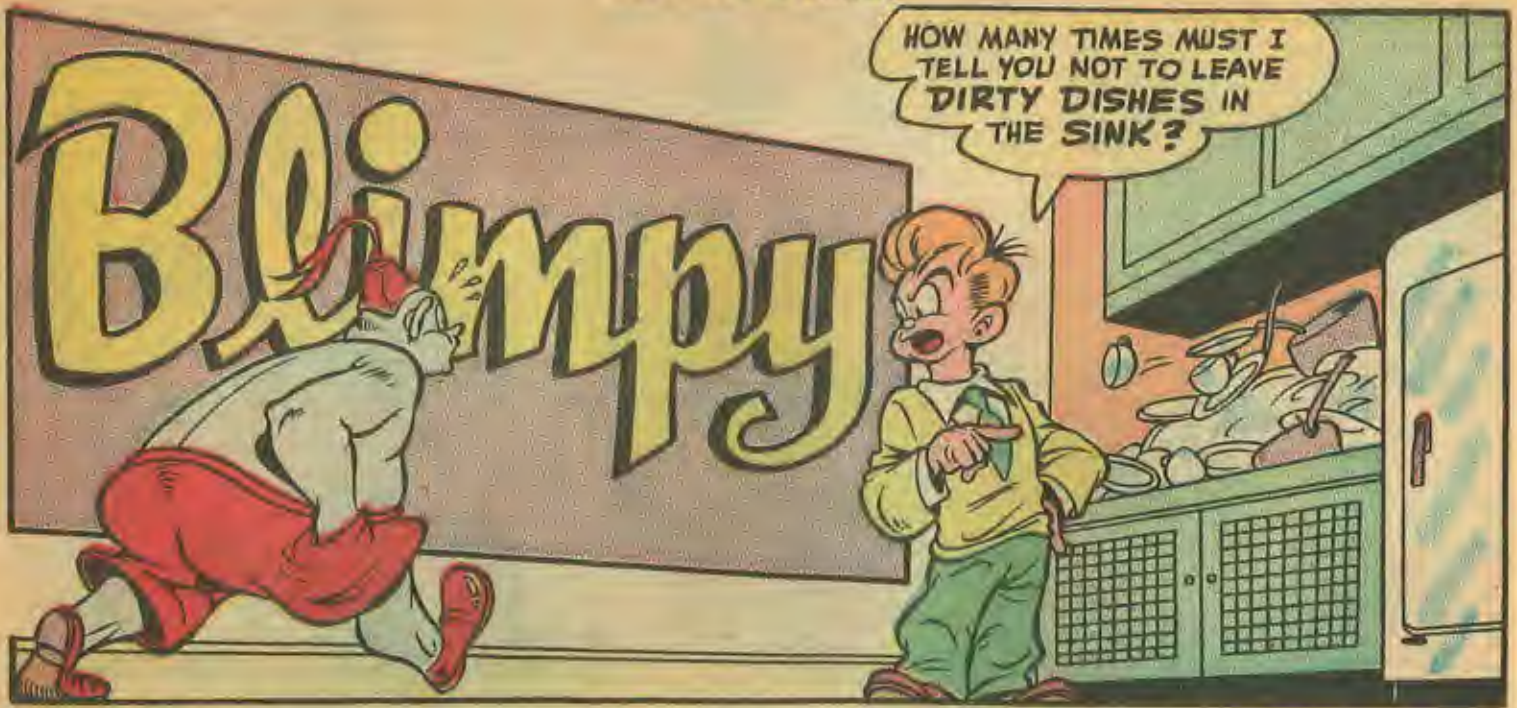
OH BOY!  
A  
BIG  
ONE  
TO  
BUST!



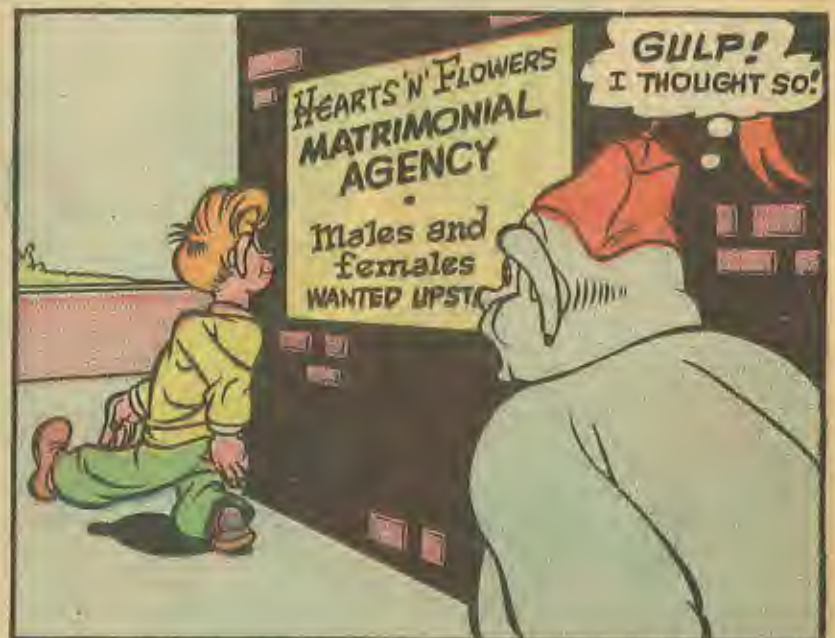
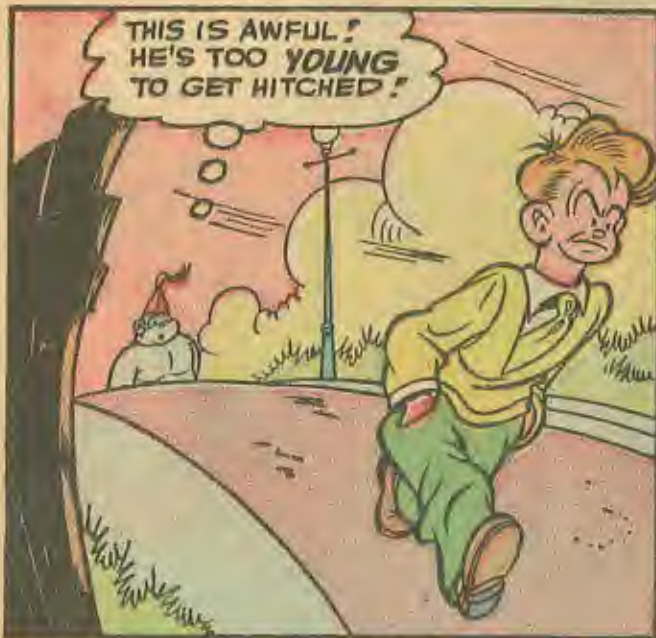
EEEYAWP!

OW!







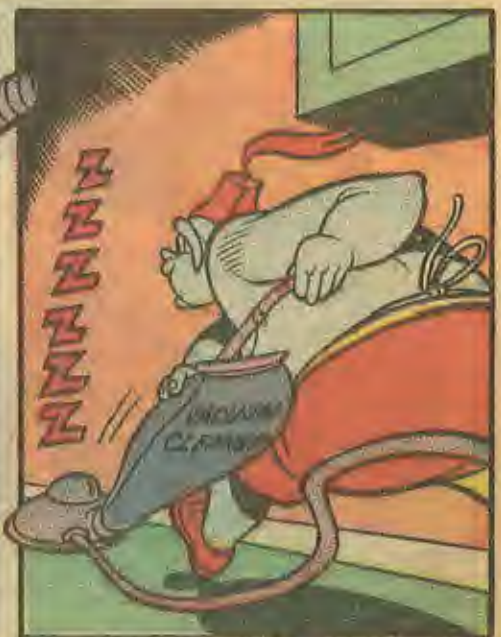




FEATURE COMICS

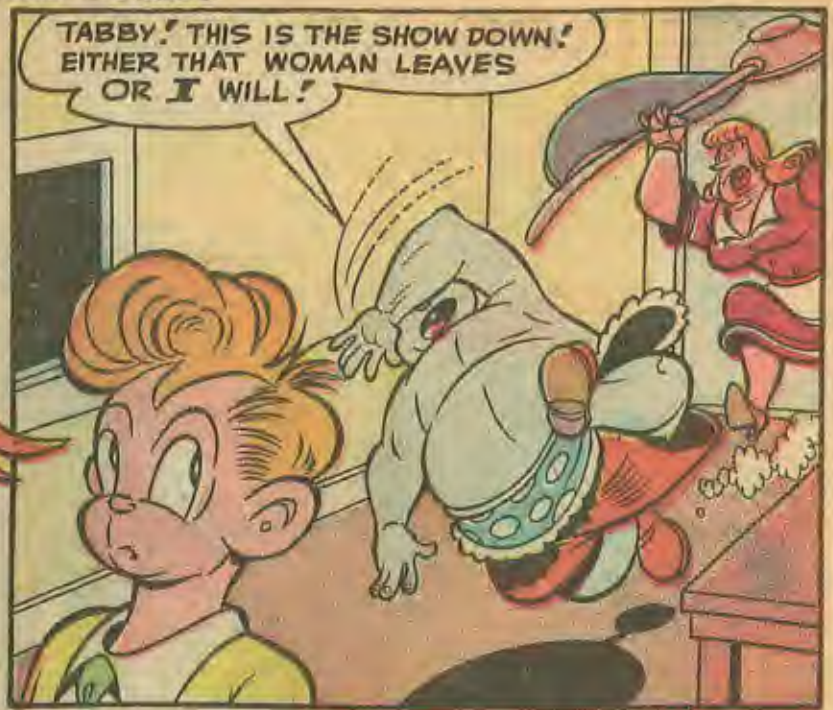








FEATURE COMICS





# SWING SISSON



THE STEALTHY CRIMINAL WHO INVADED THE CLOVER CLUB COULD NOT BE SEEN OR HEARD OR FELT! IT NEEDED SWING SISSON TO BRING THE SINISTER MARAUDER TO JUSTICE -- AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE!



LOOKS LIKE A GOOD NIGHT FOR THE CLUB, BONNIE!

YES--THAT NEW ACCORDIONIST IS MAKING A BIG HIT, SWING! THE CUSTOMERS JUST EAT IT UP!



ISN'T HE SIMPLY WONDERFUL?

BETTY SEEMS TO THINK SO, TOO!



JOE SCALLI SURE PLAYS A MEAN ACCORDION -- HE'S THE BEST GUEST PERFORMER WE'VE HAD IN MONTHS!

YEAH! THE CUSTOMERS DON'T HAND THE REST OF US EXPENSIVE CIGARS!









I SEEMED TO SMELL SOME KIND OF FUMES! WHAT TH--?

EEEEEE!! MY NECKLACE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

MY WALLET'S GONE!



WHAT SHALL I DO, SWING? SOMEBODY PICKED THEIR POCKETS WHILE THEY WERE UNCONSCIOUS!

CALL THE POLICE, MR. MASON! WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THEM, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN A FEW MOMENTS THE POLICE WILL BE HERE! PLEASE BE CALM UNTIL THEY COME!

IT'S A DIRTY SWINDLE! WE WERE GASSED SO THAT THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THIS CLIP JOINT COULD PICK OUR POCKETS!



ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT---

NOW, NOW, LADIES! LET'S NOT HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE!



TAKE IT EASY!

OUCH! THAT OUGHT TO TEACH ME NOT TO INTERFERE WITH THE GENTLER SEX!



YOU--ER--DROPPED YOUR PURSE, MADAM! ALLOW ME TO RETURN IT--ALONG WITH YOUR AUTOMATIC PISTOL AND YOUR CIGAR!

THOSE--ER--DON'T BELONG TO ME! I DON'T SMOKE CIGARS--OR CARRY GUNS!











I THINK IT'S LOVELY YOU'VE JOINED THAT BIRD WATCHER'S CLUB, VINCENT!

# LALA PALOOZA

WELL, AT LEAST IT OUGHTA KEEP ME OUT OF JAIL!

I JUST STROLL AROUND, MAKING NOTES OF ANY UNUSUAL BIRDS I SEE IN THIS LOCALITY!

GOOD!

YOU THINK HE'LL STICK AT IT, LALA?

YES! THE JUDGE TOLD HIM IF HE HAD ANY MORE COMPLAINTS FROM THE NEIGHBORS ABOUT VINCENT CALLING THEM NAMES, HE'D TOSS HIM RIGHT IN JAIL!

I FIGURED A NICE, SAFE HOBBY WOULD BE JUST THE THING TO TAKE VINCE'S MIND OFF THE NEIGHBORS!

HMM! NOTHIN' BUT ROBINS AND A FEW SILLY SPARRERS, SO FAR!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT?

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!

LOOK! A YELLOW-BELLIED SAPSUCKER!

SO! I AM, AM I? WELL, THAT DOES IT!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE, HENRY!

YA CAN'T WIN, THAT'S ALL... YA CAN'T WIN!





WELL, HE LOOKS PRETTY SILLY TO ME---ARE YOU SURE HE'S A GOOD WATCH DOG?

THE MAN I BOUGHT HIM FROM SAID HE'LL LITERALLY TEAR BURGLARS TO SHREDS!



WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, BECAUSE WE'LL BE OUT VERY LATE AND THERE'S BEEN A BIG BURGLAR SCARE AROUND HERE LATELY!



OL' DRACULA EATS BURGLARS ALIVE -- BONES AND ALL!

Later...

COAST CLEAR, JAKE?

YUP... EXCEPT FOR A POOCH SNORIN' LIKE CRAZY!



WELL, OUTTA THE WAY, SILLY--- WE GOT WORK TO DO!



SAY, JAKE --- IT'S GONNA BE A JOB, TOTIN' ALL THIS STUFF OUT TO THE TRUCK!

WAIT... I GOT AN IDEA!



Back in town...

I STILL CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT BURGLARS!

DON'T LET BURGLARS WEIGH ON YOUR MIND, LALA, WITH GOOD OLD DRACULA ON GUARD!



BELIEVE ME, THAT WATCH DOG SHOULD TAKE A BIG LOAD OFF US!



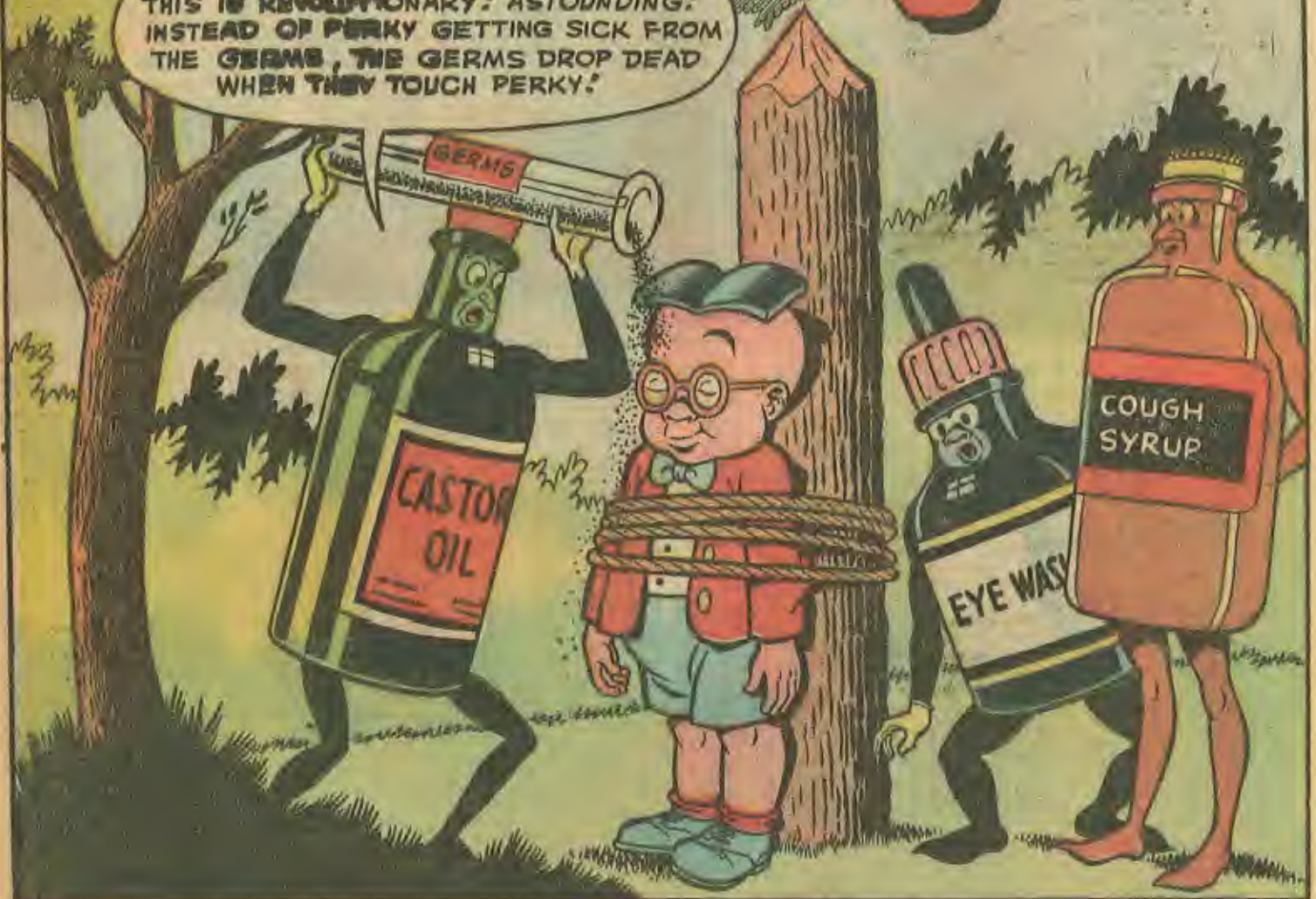
GIDDAP, POOCHIE!





# Perky

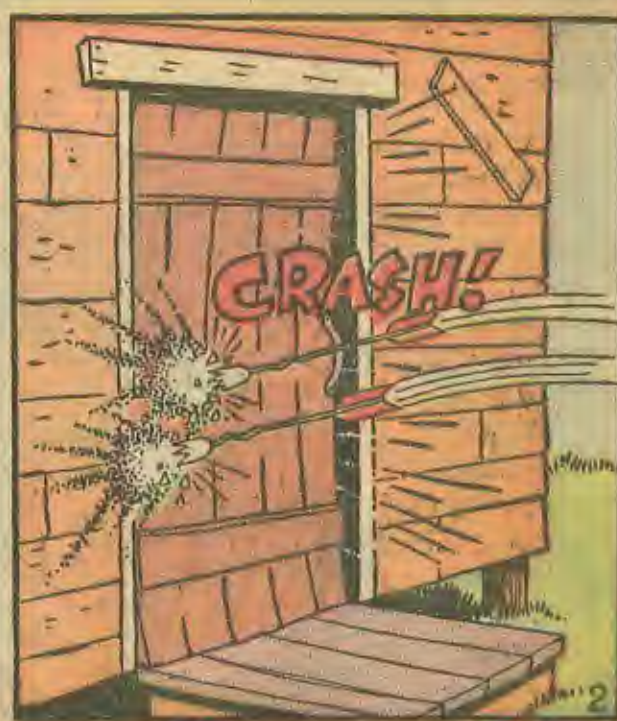
THIS IS REVOLUTIONARY! ASTOUNDING!  
INSTEAD OF PERKY GETTING SICK FROM  
THE GERMS, THE GERMS DROP DEAD  
WHEN THEY TOUCH PERKY!



**E**ver since  
**PERKY**  
stepped into  
the amateur  
magician's  
vanishing  
box and  
really  
vanished,  
he's been  
flying  
around to  
fantastic  
worlds!  
This time,  
it's  
**MEDICINE  
ISLE!**





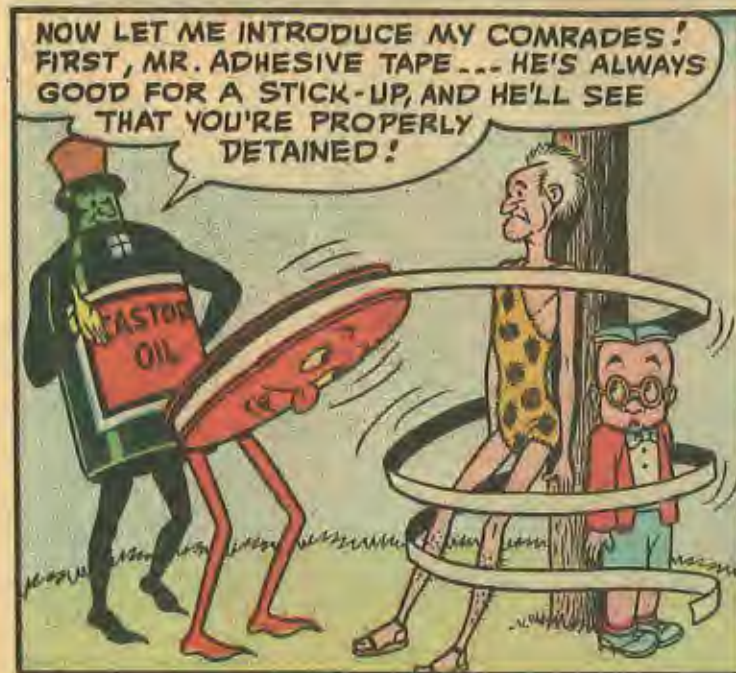






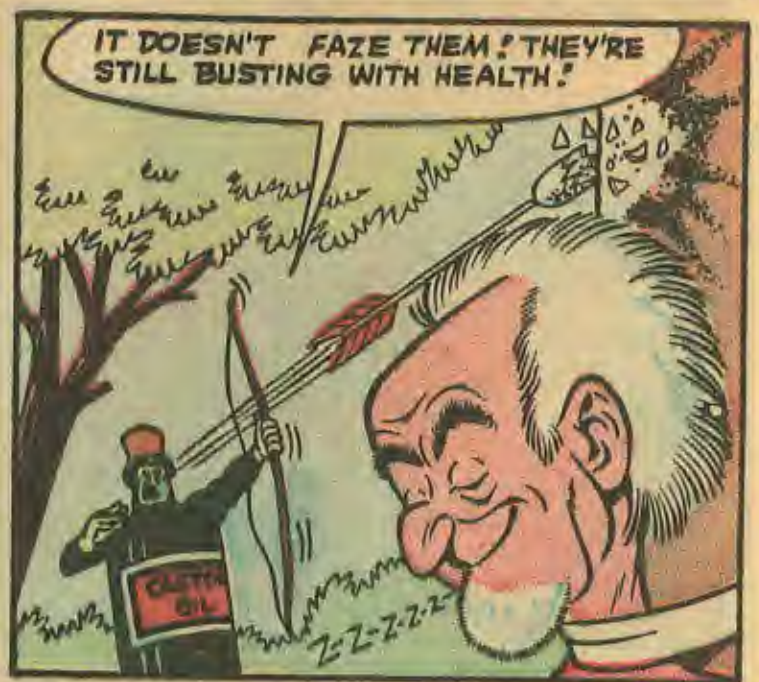
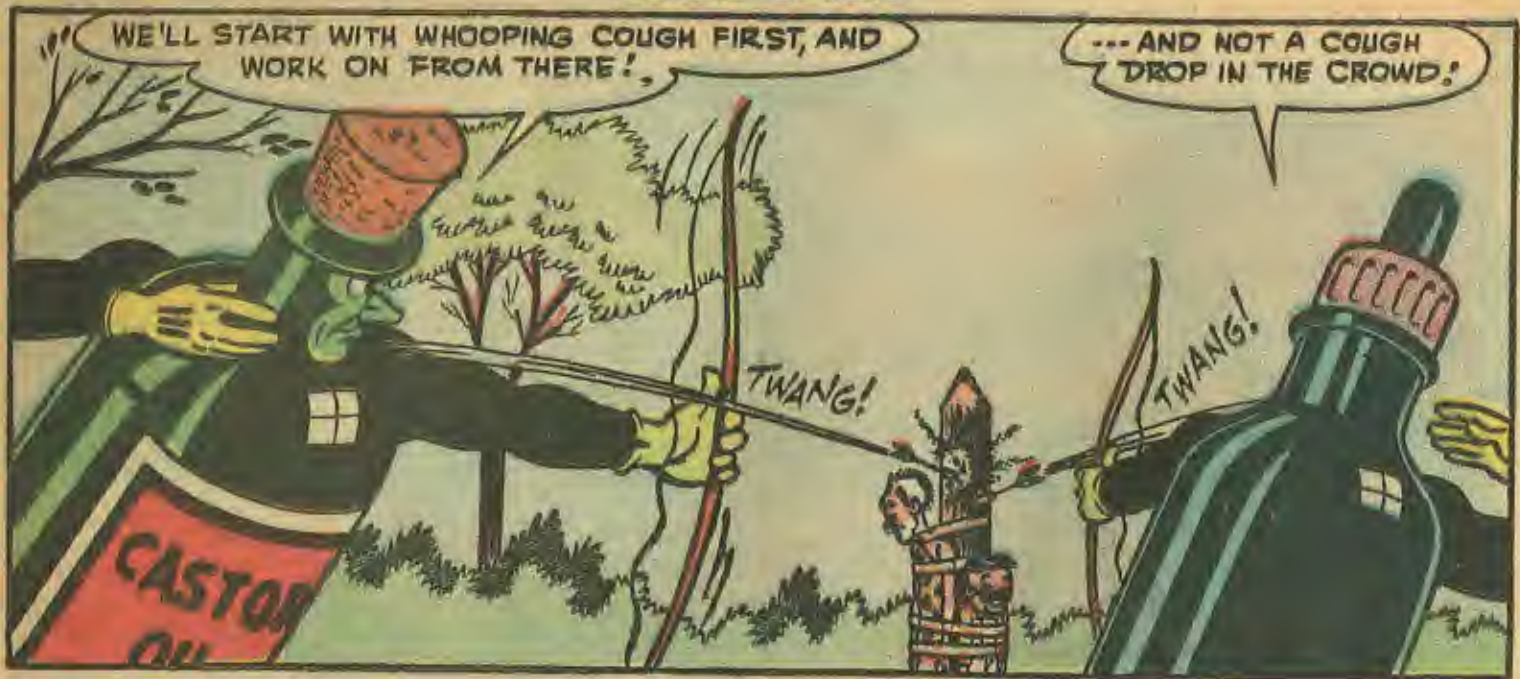


# FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS









# OFFICER SHENANIGAN

BOY! IT'S A GOOD T'ING I'M IN  
SHAPE! FIVE...TEN...ELEVEN...  
FIFTEEN...TWENTY...NOT BAD  
FOR A DAYS WOIK!

THIEF!! THIEF!!  
POLEECE!!  
POLEECE!!  
@!!\*\*\*!xx!





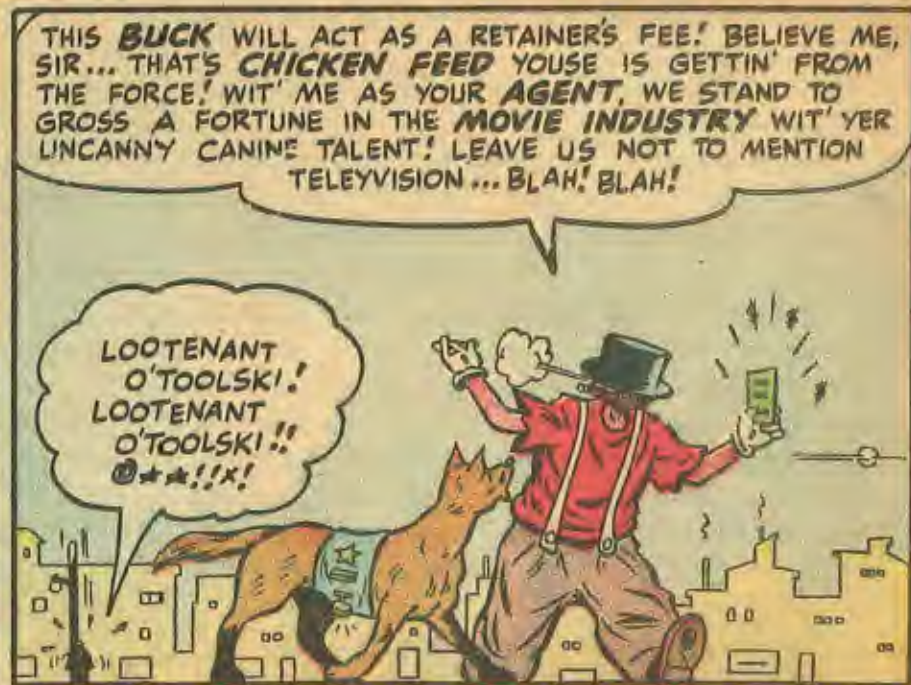
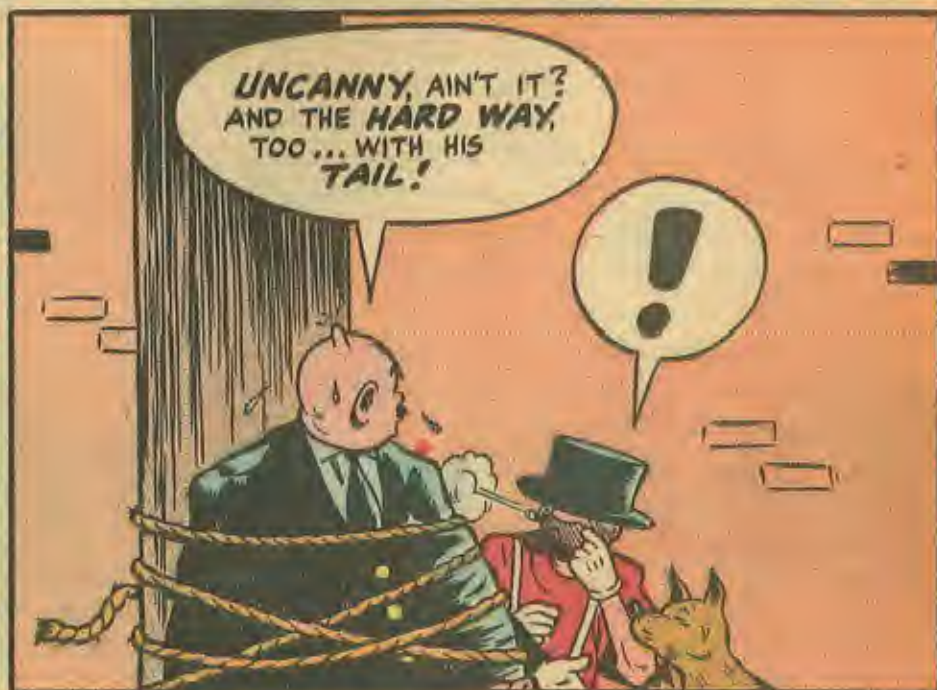








# FEATURE COMICS





# HOLLYWOOD



**A**ROUND Hollywood, they don't say the house is 'haunted.' That's going a bit too far. They simply say it is a most unusual house.

It's a colossal house, too; thirty-five rooms make it so. And it's surrounded by a ten-foot wall, flanked by tall eucalyptus trees.

This house perches above The Strip in west Hollywood—a swank neighborhood. But it was only wild oat fields when the house was built, back in the days when silent movie stars lived at the ancient Hollywood Hotel.

The years have passed over this house without leaving a scar; it's well built. They have only given it character—and a reputation.

Once huge parties and balls were given there, when the owner and builder, a strange woman from New Orleans, was a reigning belle. But at her last party the woman mysteriously vanished, and was never heard of again.

The real estate agent led Martha and Dr. Roberts around to the rear of the house, pointing out the waving poinsettias as he went, the flower beds, the fountains.

"It's lovely," said Martha. "Oh, let's take it, dad!"

Dr. Roberts smiled indulgently. "Along with its ghost?"

"But yes! That makes it all the more desirable."

The agent cleared his throat. "Ah, that haunted stuff! Old houses just seem to gather those things, don't you think?"

Martha looked at the man. "Don't you think it's haunted?"

"Positively not. An amusing legend, that's all."

"Now what do you say, Martha?" asked the doctor.

"I'd rather think it's haunted," said Martha. "Do take it, dad."

And so in due time the Roberts came into possession—for a few months—of Hollywood's famous haunted house. It didn't take Dr. Roberts long to fit up a laboratory and get to work. Martha roved through the many empty rooms, half-believing the legend that shrouded the old place.

What had become of the vanished lady?

The haunted house was high enough above

the Strip so that little traffic noise penetrated the thick stone walls. The broad gardens and lawn surrounding it blanketed all other sounds. There was a perpetual quiet about the place. Dr. Roberts liked this, but Martha thought it a little depressing. She was musing over it in her own room when the phone rang. It was Darrel Dane.

"Hello, Martha," he said. "How do you like the haunted house? Seen any ghosts?"

Martha laughed. "Not yet. But probably we will tonight. That's when ghosts flit about."

"I won't be able to get over tonight," Darrel told her. "Tied up. But I'll see you tomorrow for a swim in that fancy pool."

The Roberts had been unable to hire anyone as cook or maid, so Martha set about preparing the evening meal. Later she carried the dishes into the huge dining hall that has often seated a hundred guests.

Dr. Roberts took his place at the head of the long table and grinned down at Martha, seated at least twenty feet away.

"We'll have to shout at each other," he said. "Well, how do you like it?"

"I love it," Martha said. "Real feudal castle."

There were several giant suits of steel armor standing around the dining hall; war axes and maces adorned the walls. As they were eating their dessert, one of the axes fell from the wall with a terrible clatter. Martha jumped. Dr. Roberts, startled momentarily, laughed.

"You see," he said. "It's started already. Now what do you suppose caused that ax to fall?"

"Spooks, mebbe."

Roberts strode over to where the ax had fallen. It was a heavy weapon and had stuck into the thick floor boards. He tried to pull it out. An eery voice came from the wall:

"Hah! Ha-ha!" A crazy laugh followed. It grew in volume, seeming at last to come from every portion of the wall, until the whole room was filled with the maniacal laughter. Martha looked pale and scared.

"My gosh," she said, when the laughter had stopped. "Wh-what was that?"

Dr. Roberts was just as startled. "I don't understand," he said. "It was certainly uncanny. I don't know how to account for it."

Sibilant whispers followed them along the



## FEATURE COMICS

great hall to the livingroom. It was like the whirring of soft wings. Invisible birds of prey swooping on their victims, their wings whispering. At least Martha built up such a picture in her mind.

The livingroom was enormous, with a yawning fireplace. The ceiling was two stories high, beamed in black wood. Heavy silk paneled the walls. With almost bated breath, Martha and her father sank into soft chairs near the fireplace and looked at each other.

"Well," said Roberts with a grin.

"Well," repeated Martha without a grin.

"You frightened?" asked the doctor.

Martha shook her head. "Not much."

"Darrel coming over?"

"No," said Martha. "Had to work. Wish he would come."

Doctor Roberts got up and yawned. "We've had a pretty strenuous day, baby. Maybe we'd better retire."

Martha nodded and got up. "Yes, I guess so."

They went up the broad staircase and down a long hall, each stopping at connecting doors. "Goodnight, child," said Roberts, opening the door.

"Night, dad," said Martha, going in her door.

Now, at this point it should be routine for those two to start seeing their ghost. But they didn't. The night was unbroken by any appearances.

Toward midnight, Martha awoke, thinking she had heard something stealthy. She sat up in bed and listened. Yes. It was faint music, coming from very far away. She thought that it might be a street band; then remembered that Hollywood didn't go in for such things. She got up quietly, went to a window and listened. The outside night was utterly quiet.

But she heard the faint music.

As she stood there listening, she saw her father's head poke out of his open window. She called softly to him.

"I hear it, Martha. What is it? Doesn't seem to be coming from outside."

"No." Martha strained her ears. The music seemed to be getting nearer. Now it seemed to be coming from the wall. She raced across the room and opened her door. The music stopped. Or not quite. It came faintly. Her father came out into the hall.

Together the two walked slowly the length of the hall. They still heard the music. They retraced their steps and went down stairs. The music was still present in the house.

"It has me beat," said Dr. Roberts. "It seems to come from every direction at once."

"Listen!" cautioned Martha.

Someone was walking toward them with measured footfalls. Roberts snapped on the downstairs lights. They could see no one; but the footsteps came on toward them. Martha cowered, grasping her father.

"Whoever it is, is invisible," she babbled.

"Who is it?" demanded Roberts.

The footfalls grew louder. Now they seemed to pass right between father and daughter! Gradually the steps faded into the distance; then peal after peal of crazy laughter echoed through the house. Martha nearly fainted. Roberts led her to a chair just as the front door chimes announced somebody at the door.

Roberts found Darrel Dane on the porch and soon told him what had happened. After greeting Martha, Darrel made a quick survey of several rooms, at last finding a small trapdoor leading into the wall of the livingroom. He pried it open. A cool draft caught him. He snapped on his flash, raked the interior, finding it a tunnel-like passage covered with dust—but with newly-made tracks of a man!

Darrel ducked into the trap and pulled it shut. And now he willed himself to become the invincible Doll Man, crime buster extraordinary. By concentrating the molecules of his body, he shrunk to a tiny mite scarcely a foot high. And in this guise he raced along the inner corridor. It led to a fairly large room. A man sat in this room before a radio mike and several buttons, from which led a tangle of wires.

The Doll Man grinned to himself and made a strange noise. The man whirled around, saw the tiny man and with a burst of speed hurled himself across the room to a door, through it, and was gone.

The Doll Man examined the room. It was fixed up with several sound devices like those used in motion pictures.

"Sure," said the Doll Man. "This guy is a sound mixer at some studio and has been having some fun at the expense of people who lease this house. Hmm, I'll go back now and relieve the Roberts' minds. . . No, wait."

The Doll Man willed himself back to normal size and the person of Darrel Dane. Then with a few jerks and pulls he rendered the 'ghost' machine harmless.

"Hello, Martha," said Darrel as he came out into the living room again. "Your 'haunt' is gone. Not very romantic—just some movie sound man's idea of a joke."

That's Hollywood.



# RUSTY RYAN



**R**usty and his pals sail toward Sting Ray Island... find perilous adventure and rescue a glamorous girl named MIMI!

## Farewell to Patty Dexter....

GOO'BYE, MISS PATTY! AH HOPE WE MEETS AGAIN, BUT AH HAS MAH DOUBTS!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY A PESSIMIST, PIERPONT! WE WON'T BE GONE THAT LONG!

RUSTY, WHY CAN'T I GO WITH YOU?

I TOLD YOU, PATTY, THIS IS NO EXPEDITION FOR A WOMAN! WE'RE GOING TO EXPLORE THE INTERIOR OF STING RAY ISLAND AND IT MAY BE HAZARDOUS!

I'LL MISS PATTY!

SO WILL I, ALABABA, BUT WE COULDN'T SUBJECT HER TO THE DANGERS WE MAY HAVE TO FACE!







Yes...later  
there are  
unexpected  
hazards,  
such as...





# FEATURE COMICS









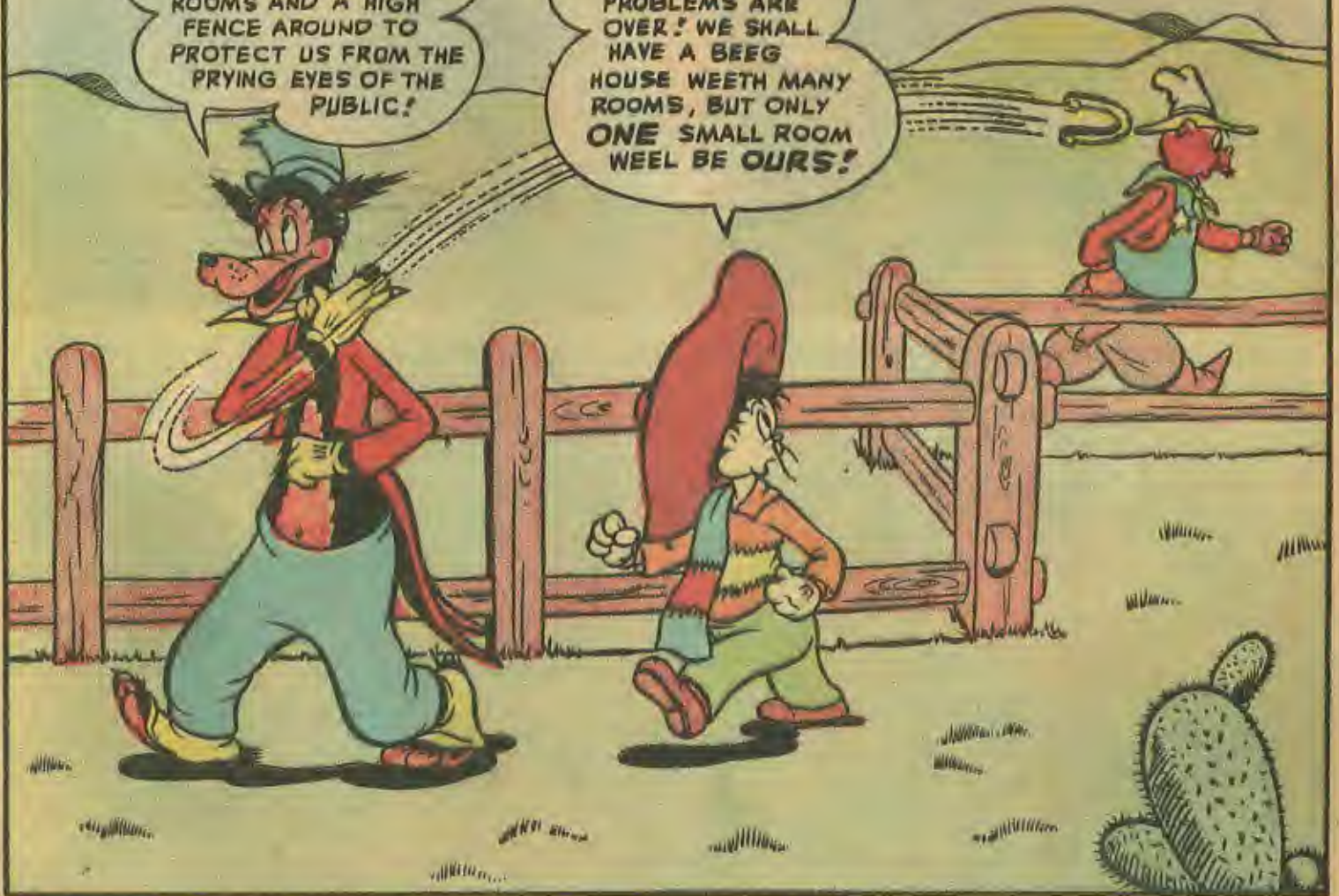




# ROSCOE

I-I WISH WE HAD A BIG MANSION UP THE RIVER, WITH A THOUSAND ROOMS AND A HIGH FENCE AROUND TO PROTECT US FROM THE PRYING EYES OF THE PUBLIC!

SEÑOR ROSCOE, OUR HOUSING PROBLEMS ARE OVER! WE SHALL HAVE A BEEG HOUSE WEETH MANY ROOMS, BUT ONLY ONE SMALL ROOM WEEL BE OURS!



WELL, EL POPO? AS USUAL WE ARE WITHOUT THE THREE F'S --- FOOD, FAME AND FORTUNE!

ALSO, WE ARE HONGRY, UNLUCKY AND BROKE!



EL POPO, OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

AMAZING OFFER  
LIARS' CLUB OFFERS  
\$1,000 CASH  
for your biggest  
lie! All lies must  
be authentic!

THAT EES THE BEEGEST LIE YOU EVER TOLD! OUR TROUBLES ARE ONLY BEGINNING!







"I'LL never forget that day! We were standing on the corner of Grunt and Groan..."





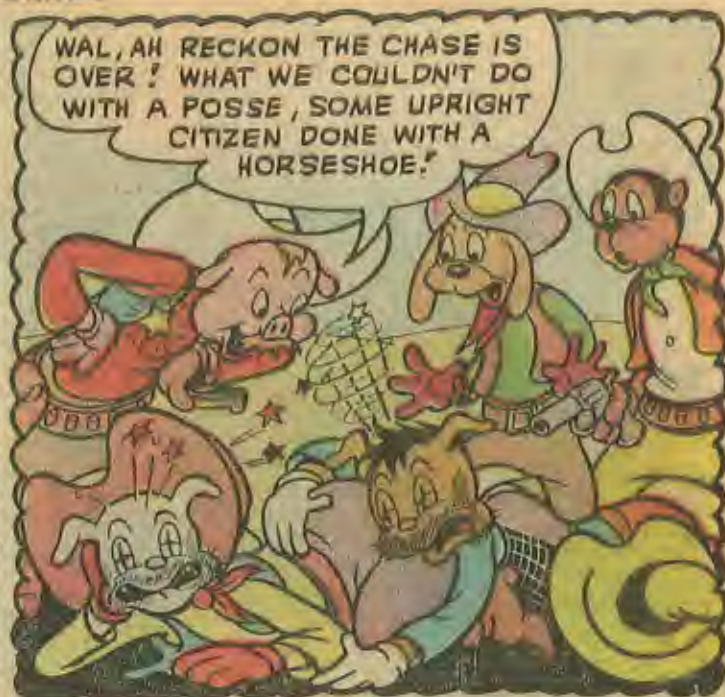




FEATURE COMICS









# WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON  
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,  
IT'S GOT A NEW  
**Bendix**  
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES  
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND  
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S  
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,  
COASTS LONGER  
AND STOPS  
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

### JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life - Dependable performance -  
Fewer parts - Easy to put together and  
take apart - Sealed against dirt and water

LOOK  
for the  
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

**Bendix**  
AVIATION CORPORATION



# HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?

'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES



IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST... BOBBY

IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY



AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

## FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

## SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music  
Studio 4006 Struthers 3, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.  
☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....STATE.....



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## FOILING *The* LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM...SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN 'LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR...AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES --WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science